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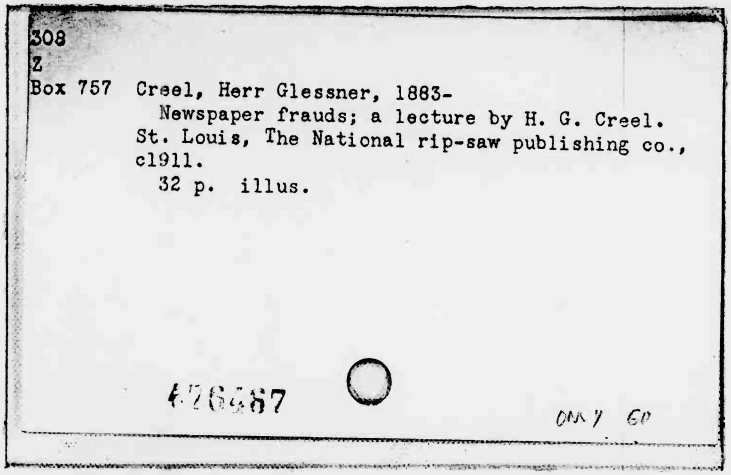

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Newspaper Frauds

A LECTURE

By **H. G. CREEL**, *Author of*
PROSTITUTION FOR PROFIT,
TRICKS OF THE PRESS, ETC.

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Newspaper Frauds.

Report of an address delivered in City Park, Kansas City, Kansas, September 17, 1910.

By H. G. Creel.

Comrade Chairman, Comrades and Friends—It is gratifying, indeed, to see so many of you here following my talk of a week ago on Tricks of the Press.

You remember that last week we learned HOW news is colored and suppressed; why this is done and who benefits by it. We also learned how to go to the printed page, place a finger on a particular paragraph, state positively that it was distorted "news" and **prove** it to a prejudiced supporter of that newspaper. Now that we understand the how and why of the matter we'll examine some big newspaper frauds. And bear in mind that when these things happened the reading public, and you as a member of that reading public, accepted the published accounts as accurate. Or, if there was no published account, if the fraud was a suppression of part or all of the facts, you were none the wiser. Multiply yourself by ninety million and you'll see why "big business" controls newspapers.

All of the great industrial and financial organizations operate "news bureaus." The brainiest men in the newspaper world are placed in charge of these bureaus. The steel trust, the meat trust, the coal and lumber trusts, all of them spend thousands upon thousands of dollars in this way every year. The expense is justified upon this theory: Thinking is considered too ardous for you; besides, practice makes perfect and you might get to thinking for yourself and in your own interests. So the financial interests kindly do this for you, supplying your thoughts ready-made. A newspaper friend employed by the lumber people told me that, while as compared

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with a decade ago, there is now a scarcity of raw lumber, the supply is really nothing like so limited as the people have been led to believe through the papers. It is his business to write these stories of the growing paucity of the lumber supply. He has a corps of assistants. All are highly paid. But it pays. With their work the lumber trust gets you to a point where you willingly pay half a dollar for a ten-cent board, charging the increased price to "the alarming scarcity of timber." You read all about it in the newspapers just the day before. It pays. That is—you pay. And you're it.

But the lumber people are not alone in this game. I have here the Oswego (Kansas) "Independent" for August 10, 1910. In it is a story headed:

PRESS BUREAU FOR SANTA FE.

It reads as follows:

Topeka, Aug. 10.—The Atchinson, Topeka and Santa Fe Railway company is preparing to take the public into its confidence. It has established a publicity bureau with a press agent in charge. The new department will be under the direct supervision of J. R. Koontz, general freight agent, and he will have as assistant, Frank Jarrell, until recently editor of the Holton "Signal."

Rather proves what I told you, doesn't it? The Santa Fe is going to take you into its "confidence." Seriously now, you're expected to believe that. This publicity bureau has been started for your benefit—not for the railroad's. Well now let's see what happened. Scarcely had the announcement been made when the press was flooded with a story entitled "Free Riding On the Santa Fe." It went the rounds of all the papers, but I shall read you from the Yale (Oklahoma) "Record." Here's how the press agent got busy:

FREE RIDES ON THE SANTA FE.

We cannot vouch for the truthfulness of this story, but a Medicine Lodge citizen claims that he actually overheard the conversation. A lady and her son, a large lad for his age, were traveling on a Santa Fe train. When the conductor came along for the fare the lady claimed half fare for the boy, but the conductor said: "No, madam, we must charge your son full fare. See, he is wearing long pants."

"If that is the way you are going to judge this matter," replied the lady, "just change it about—full fare for the boy and half fare for me."

Whereupon an old colored woman close by was heard to exclaim: "Thank the Lawd! I goes for nuthin!"

That's the idea! You're laughing. It's funny, isn't it? And it's about the Santa Fe. Ha, ha! When you think of Santa Fe, in the future, you'll recall that story.

That's what the press agent's for. That's the way the railroad crowds out of your mind the fact that it is the only railroad in the United States on the unfair list of organized labor. That's the way the railroad befuddles your mind so that you'll no longer remember that it is maintaining veritable peonage with Mexican labor. The mention of Santa Fe is to conjure up in your brains a funny story, not the horror of a Mexican contract camp of railroad laborers, where men are beaten with whips, worked inhumanly long hours, paid but a pittance, every human attribute crushed out and slavery maintained within the borders of the union.

Now laugh! You railroad men, especially. You men who work for a daily wage! The Santa Fe is importing Mexican labor, herding men and women into box cars unfit to transport cattle. Many of them are living on offal. Wages and the standard of living among railroad laborers must inevitably sink to this level if it continues Now, why don't you laugh? The Santa Fe has a news bureau. It's telling you funny stories for a purpose.

I want to say to you that in this entire audience there is not a manly man nor a womanly woman but should have blushed at the reading of that story. But for so many years you've been fed on literary offal, you've grown to like it.

If, in the future, you'll look for the motive behind these news bureau stories, and a little practice will enable you to pick them unerringly, you'll learn to read the capitalist press intelligently.

I've a love letter here that I want to read to you. It's right along this line of buying space in newspapers —for a purpose. I hold in my hand "American Industries," the official organ of the National Association of Manufacturers. In something more than a two-page article the president of that society tells of the terrible

detriment to the nation of labor unions. At one point he says:

> "As a result of our work, these issues have been presented so intelligently and so forcefully in the past year or two by the newspapers all over the country * * * that the people, as well as the government and all its agents, have become educated to a new sense of the enormity of the vices of reactionary trades unionism.

Maybe you didn't believe it when I said capitalists were spending thousands of dollars daily playing with your brains—through the newspapers. Here you have it from the president of the National Association of Manufacturers. You're being "educated." Remember that. And you know that this organization would not "educate" you in any but a way beneficial to itself. It's not maintaining publicity bureaus, buying and subsidizing newspapers and bribing press associations for nothing. Some of you don't like labor unions. Investigate this phase of the question and maybe you'll learn why. In the United States there are almost half as many newspapers and periodicals as in all of the rest of the world combined. Less than two per cent of them make any pretense of genuinely espousing the cause of the workers. Nearly ninety-nine papers out of every hundred are in the hands of the master class, the National Association of Manufacturers and similar interests. They conduct your "education."

There's another matter down here on the same page. It has no direct connection with the subject, but I can't refrain from reading it to you. In capital letters this same writer says:

"THE BUSINESS MEN WERE IN POLITICS IN 1908 AND THEY INTEND TO STAY IN POLITICS."

When he says "business men" he means big business men. You small business men don't get into politics as the big fellows do. You couldn't make a campaign contribution if you wanted to. Your pile isn't large enough. You're small fry. This writer is talking about presidents of corporations, railway officials and manufacturers. In the next paragraph he says:

However, neither the National Association of Manufacturers nor any of the organizations affiliated with us in the National Council for Industrial Defense, is in politics in the partisan sense.

Ah, ha! They're neither republicans, democrats nor independents. They're "business men" in politics. Here they are now, out in the open. They're what the Socialists call "class conscious." They know that their class (business) interests are greater than politics. In their own literature.—By the way, you know you were never intended to hear this. What I've just read is sacred to the sanctums of "big business." But I repeat that in their own literature they tell one another that there is a class division in the United States. And through the newspapers they allow you to read, they choke down your throats the lie that there are no classes in America. "Class talk is the howl of the demagogue," they tell you. Read "American Industries" for January, 1909, the magazine from which I read. See what they tell each other.

I'm coming now to what is the most serious thing in the life of any individual and the most momentous thing in the histories of nations—war. I'm going to deal specifically with the Hispano-American war. I know something about that. I can speak largely from first-hand knowledge. Let me say at the start, and keep this in mind, that neither William Randolph Hearst nor the Associated Press has ever successfully denied the charge of newspaper men and war correspondents that they had a contract for bringing on that war. Your local newspapers which lent their influence to the conspiracy were no more to blame, they were as sincerely misled as you were when you told your sons to go to the front or when you went yourselves. You and your newspapers were trapped. I'm going to show you how—and by whom.

You remember that for six months before there was any talk of war, the newspapers were filled with stories of starving reconcentrados in Cuba. You were told how Spanish officers feasted in full view of men and women

dying of starvation. You read how piteous appeals for food were answered with jeers and saber thrusts. But I say to you that those people who wanted war with Spain were not interested in starving reconcentrados. For every one that was found in Cuba I could have found them a hundred in the tenements of New York, Chicago, San Francisco, Philadelphia and other cities.

But your emotions had to be worked upon. And this was so skillfully done, with such diabolical cunning —through the newspapers—that a nation was aroused. You saw pictures of these emaciated people. (Don't forget the retouched pictures I showed you last week.) These were published to arouse your sympathy. Step by step you were led on to the point where you'd willingly shoulder arms and do the bidding of the masters. And if you imagine there was no plot about that war, just watch this thing unfold.

After your sympathies had been played upon to just the proper degree, Weyler, the Butcher, was introduced. Then you passed from sympathy to indignation. The papers were leading you on. Groups of men gathered on the streets and discussed the Spanish atrocities in Cuba. To add color and "human interest" to this phase of the conspiracy, Hearst printed page after page about a Cuban girl, said to have been imprisoned because she resisted the attentions of a Spanish officer. You remember her. Her name was Evangelina Cisneros. He cabled the Queen Regent asking, in the name of the American people, that the girl be released. He even declared at one time that he had secured the intercession of the Vatican in the matter. This was done to trap Catholics into going to war against Spain, a Catholic nation. When the supposed intervention of the Pope availed nothing thousands of Catholics began to talk of bearing arms if called upon. Day after day his newspapers and the Associated Press flooded the nation with these stories. Indignation ran high.

Then it was decided to take you one step nearer and introduce hate.

To do this a story was sent out that some Spaniard in Havana had pulled down an American flag and trampled upon it. And that's a lie! It didn't happen. This was the patriotic trap intended to stampede you into war with Spain. But for some reason you didn't stampede. It wasn't because you were cowards; the American soldiers proved that, once they entered Cuba. The newspapers had overlooked something in their campaign. Hearst and the Associated Press were in a panic. When President McKinley refused to ask for war on the strength of their "flag" story you remember how they intimated that he was a "weak" man. I've always thought McKinley knew the exact nature of the "insult"; that it was a newspaper fake. But you'll remember that at that time neither the president nor the people as a nation were in favor of war.

Before I take up the next phase of this matter I want to read you just a sentence from the "Saturday Evening Post" for January 9, 1909. This is from an article entitled "The Long Arm of the Secret Police." It deals with international spies, the secret service of the nations. Relative to these men the article says:

> There are those among them who are believed to know what really happened to the Maine when she lay in the Harbor of Havana.

And I say to you that more than one newspaper man, too, knows what really happened to the Maine when she lay in the habor of Havana. Every year a story is sent the rounds of the papers to the effect that 266 men and two officers were killed in that explosion. You're all familiar with that account. Then there's another one which never gets into the papers. This circulates among government secret service men and newspaper correspondents. It's to the effect that no officers were aboard the Maine at the time; that all of them were ashore. But this account is kept under cover. I wanted

to know how naval officers would reply to a direct question along this line, so last August I wrote this letter:

Girard, Kan., August 24, 1910.

Officer in Charge, Navy Recruiting Station:

Dear Sir—Please advise me what authority there is for the statement that none but enlisted men were aboard the Maine when that vessel was blown up in Havana harbor. I should like to know where I can get official printed information upon this subject.

Yours very truly,

H. G. CREEL.

I sent that letter to officers on recruiting service in the following places:

Chicago, Ill.
Minneapolis, Minn.
Duluth, Minn.
Dubuque, Iowa.
Ottumwa, Iowa.
Lincoln, Neb.
St. Louis, Mo.
Kansas City, Mo.
San Antonio, Texas.
Houston, Texas.
Milwaukee, Wis.
St. Paul, Minn.
Cedar Rapids, Iowa.
Mason City, Iowa.
Omaha, Neb.
Sioux City, Iowa.
East St. Louis, Ill.
Dallas, Texas.
Fort Worth, Texas.
Oklahoma City, Okla.

Eight out of twenty, nearly half of them, refused to reply. Those who remained silent were:

St. Paul, Minn.
Dubuque, Iowa.
Sioux City, Iowa.
Fort Worth, Texas.
Duluth, Minn.
Lincoln, Neb.
East St. Louis, Ill.
Oklahoma City, Okla.

The following replied, but would not answer the question. They referred me to the Bureau of Navigation, Washington, D. C.:

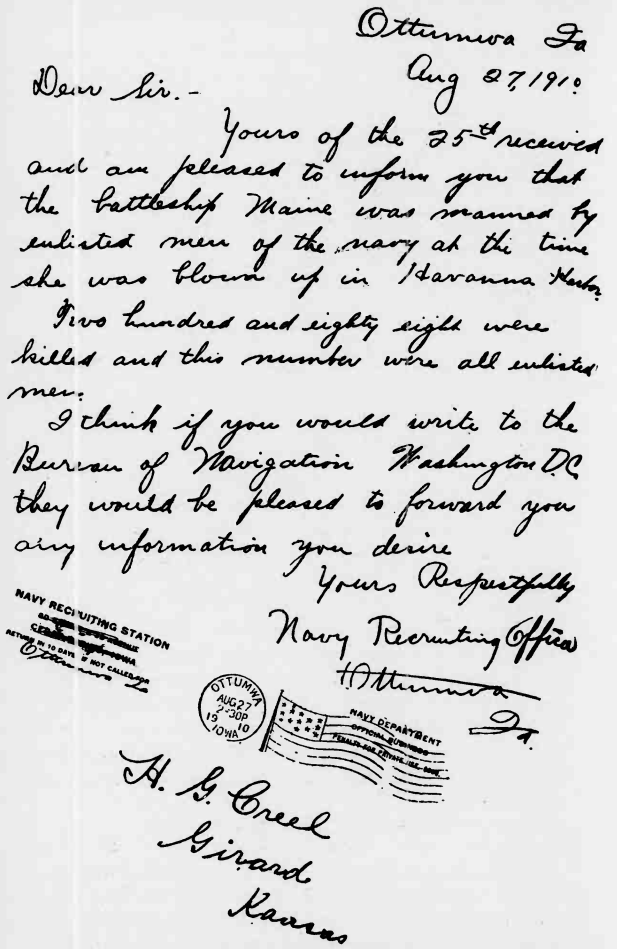
Chicago, Ill.
Dallas, Texas.
Mason City, Iowa.
Milwaukee, Wis.
Minneapolis, Minn.
Houston, Texas
San Antonio, Texas.
Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

So sixteen out of twenty naval officers, for some reason, refused to commit themselves. They declined to say whether or not only enlisted men were aboard the Maine at the time of the explosion.

In their replies, the following three said that both officers and men were on board ship when the explosion occurred:

St. Louis, Mo.
Kansas City, Mo.
Omaha, Neb.

They also referred me to the Bureau of Navigation. I wrote the bureau twice and received replies both times, once from the assistant and once from the chief of the bureau. But both refused to place themselves on record.



Ottumwa Ia
Aug 27/1910

Dear Sir.-

Yours of the 25th received and am pleased to inform you that the battleship Maine was manned by enlisted men of the navy at the time she was blown up in Havanna Harbor.

Two hundred and eighty eight were killed and this number were all enlisted men.

I think if you would write to the Bureau of Navigation Washington D.C they would be pleased to forward you any information you desire

Yours Respectfully

Navy Recruiting Office

Ottumwa Ia.

NAVY RECRUITING STATION

OTTUMWA AUG 27 2:30P 10 IOWA

NAVY DEPARTMENT

H. G. Creel
Girard
Kansas

Naval officer's letter, stating that no officers were killed in the U. S. S. Maine explosion.

They in turn referred me to the Superintendent of Documents, from whom they said I could get the information for a total expenditure of $2.25. I quit.

You remember that I wrote twenty letters. I've accounted for nineteen. Here is the twentieth. Pay close attention to it:

Ottumwa, Iowa, Aug. 27, 1910.

Dear Sir—Yours of the 25th received and am pleased to inform you that the battleship Maine was manned by enlisted men of the navy at the time she was blown up in Havana Harbor.

Two hundred and eighty-eight were killed and this number were all enlisted men.

I think if you would write to the Bureau of Navigation, Washington, D. C., they would be pleased to forward you any information you desire. Yours respectfully,

NAVY RECRUITING OFFICER,
Ottumwa, Iowa.

And that's a confirmation of the secret service men's report! Sixteen out of twenty naval officers would not say "yes" or "no"; three say there were officers aboard the ship at the time; one says that no officers were aboard and that all the killed were enlisted men. You may take your choice. But you can't find out what really happened aboard the Maine or what were the conditions at the time. It isn't intended that you shall find out. Only among a select few, within the charmed circle of the "long arm of the secret police" can it be said: "There are those among them who are believed to know what really happened to the Maine when she lay in the harbor of Havana."

While I was carrying on this correspondence I wrote a second letter to the recruiting officer at Chicago. I asked him if there were any naval regulations or laws which forbade all officers of a United States vessel leaving it—for any reason at all. His answer will surprise you:

U. S. NAVY RECRUITING STATION.
BEST PAID MILITARY SERVICE ON EARTH.
THE BEST FED SERVICE
100 LAKE STREET
THE BEST OPPORTUNITIES FOR ADVANCEMENT.
CHICAGO, ILL.
September 5, 1910.

H. G. Creel, Girard, Kan.:

Dear Sir—Your letter of recent date received. In answer to your question (Is there anything in the U. S. Navy rules or regulations which forbids a vessel being left with no commissioned Officers aboard). ANS. No, there is not.

Many a time such vessels as Torpedo Boats, Tugs, and small craft are left in charge of enlisted men or Chief Petty Officers. But a ship of any size, like a Cruiser, Gun Boat or Battle Ship, has at least one-third of the Commissioned Officers aboard at all times. However, this is not in the Naval Regulations. It is up to the discretion of the Commanding Officer or Admiral of the fleet or ship, I remain, Yours respectfully,

J. H. COMFORT,
Lieutenant, U. S. Navy,
Recruiting Officer.

"It is up to the discretion of the commanding officer." Is that clear? Do you see what this means? An entire ship's company of officers can leave a vessel, for any reason or for no reason at all, and compel every enlisted man to remain aboard. The Spanish papers declared that was done on the night of February 15th, 1898. Maybe they're right; maybe they're not. We don't know. We never will know. But this much is certain: The explosion occurred, you remember, in the forward part of the vessel. That's where the explosives are kept. Also that's were the enlisted men—the working men—sleep. Your sons don't go to Annapolis. You don't go to West Point. It was your sons and your brothers who slept directly over those explosives.

Now as to the charge that the newspapers, and those owned by William Randolph Hearst particularly, brought on the Hispano-American war: I hold here "Pearson's Magazine" for September, 1906. In it is an article by Mr. James Creelman. Creelman was Hearst's London representative for many years. He was in Hearst's employ at the time I mention. In this article he reproduces two cablegrams which passed between Hearst and Frederick Remington, the artist, also a Hearst employe. You've all seen pictures by Remington. He became famous as a painter of western life and scenery. Long before there was talk of war, Hearst sent Remington to Cuba to get pictures with which to play upon your emotions. When he arrived and looked over the situation, Remington cabled to Hearst as follows:

W. R. Hearst, New York Journal, N. Y.:
Everything is quiet. There is no trouble here. There will be no war. I wish to return. REMINGTON.

This is the answer he got:

Remington, Havana:
Please remain. You furnish the pictures and I'll furnish the war. HEARST.

How do you like it?

You didn't want war with Spain. But the sugar trust did. It wanted a change in the duty on raw sugar. So this is what happened: The sugar trust furnished the money, the newspapers furnished the war—and you furnished the boys. None of this audience own sugar refineries. You don't draw dividends from the sugar industry. Therefore you had no interest in that war. But the capitalist press tricked you into it, held you there and slaughtered your sons by the thousands.

How many of you lost your tempers over the Cook-Peary Polar controversy? That was a newspaper trick, pure and simple. When Dr. Cook returned with his story of having discovered the North Pole he was known in practically every newspaper office in America as a fakir. It was never intended to take his story seriously. But the man claimed so much that it was seen that you, the reading public, would buy millions of extra papers. It was certain that you'd bite—you always do. So his story was published, with the understanding that after its novelty had worn off his true record would be given and his tale torn down.

Before this time came, however, Peary appeared with his claim of having reached the Pole. And this introduced complications. Before leaving for the north, Peary had arranged with a firm of publishers that in the event of the success of his expedition they were to have exclusive rights to his story. The New York "Times" and the Chicago "Tribune" were the two great newspapers with exclusive rights to publication. The Associated Press, the United Press and the various news associations were left out in the cold on the Peary story. This was their predicament: If they told the truth about Cook it would mean that the New York "Times" and the

Chicago "Tribune" would soon have the newspaper business of the country. So, instead of tearing down Cook's story, they began a frantic and successful effort to keep him before the reading public as the great and only discoverer of the North Pole. They did this when they knew the man was an imposter. If you will turn back in the files of your local papers to the time I mention you'll find the Associated Press dispatches and all the news agencies upholding Cook and elaborating upon Peary's unsportsmanlike action in refusing to allow another white man to go with him to the Pole, and drawing from this the conclusion that he did not reach the Pole. Your newspapers here knew no better. They had to print what was sent them. In some parts of the country supporters of the different claimants exchanged blows in their arguments. At least three murders were committed in the heat of discussion upon a matter conceived and engineered by a tricky press and known by that press to be false.

The story of Tell City, Indiana, as I wrote it, is as follows:

Tell City is a little manufacturing town on the Ohio river, not far from Evansville. There are a number of small furniture factories in the place and the population is almost wholly working men and women. At the time of which I speak, about three years ago, the town was ruled by two men, Jacob Zoercher, the mayor, and A. P. Fenn, a democratic boss. These two, with the other factory owners, were members of the National Association of Manufacturers, this beneficent organization which maintains news bureaus to "educate" the public, and is composed of "business men in politics."

You know that through that valley the Ohio river has a habit of overflowing in the early spring. It did so at the time of which I speak. The waters arose to the second-story windows. The laboring population lived in the lowlands, because the factory owners owned all

the land and kept the elevated portion for themselves. So when the floods came the working people were driven back onto the hills out of town.

You remember the call for relief which was sent all over the country. Perhaps some of you contributed supplies which were sent into that district. At any rate, they were sent—and in plenty. And because Tell City was the most severely devastated portion of the valley the relief boat was sent there first. This boat was laden with food, clothing, medicines and bandages. It carried money, physicians and nurses. It was met at the improvised dock by Fenn and Zoercher, who refused to allow it to land. They turned it away. They said to the relief party: "We'll take care of our own laboring people. Go where you're needed. We'll provide for this situation."

The boat left. Then Fenn and Zoercher sent word to the shivering workers up on the hills. This was the message: "If you people really need relief come down here and prove it. Clean out our factories—all the factories of Tell City—and do it for nothing."

Bear in mind that the waters had begun to recede. They went down rapidly. But when they were at their height they had, of course, broken the window panes and covered the factory floors and machines with slime and mud. The machines were unworkable in that condition. Some one had to clean them. Of course, the people who owned them couldn't be expected to soil their hands with Ohio river mud, so the working people had to clean them. And then these men and women, literally starving, came off the hills and went into the factories. Men and women waded through water knee deep to get to their former places of employment. Mind you, this was in March. Chill winds blew through the shattered windows. Heat was out of the question. So men and women worked all day long in their water-soaked garments with March winds playing upon them. Some

of them died. Some did not. In return for their labor they got their pitiful allowances of food, an occasional garment, what medicines were given them—and no money. Yet all this and more had been sent them in abundance.

This condition and others brought about the formation of a federal union in Tell City. All of the working people in town went into one labor union. Three days after its formation came a lockout in all the factories in town. The working people were told to go out and stay out until they were willing to give up their organization and return as individuals. It was thought that they would soon starve into submission. But there's a big farmers' union all through Kentucky and that part of Indiana. These farmers began to haul wagon load after wagon load of provisions into the town. They gave it to the locked-out men and women. It became evident that the starvation plan wouldn't work.

One Friday evening four men were standing talking on one of the corners of the main street. This coterie was approached by Ed Hawkins, the city marshal. He told them to "scatter." One of the four was Hawkins' cousin. He laughingly said: "Why, Ed, you're crazy. These fellows are not even talking strike." Without another word, Hawkins drew a revolver from his pocket, fired into the crowd and struck William Dauffer in the abdomen. Dauffer screamed, ran to his home, and fell senseless across the threshold. His wife and children were at supper.

From this point on I want you to notice organization. I want you to see how perfectly every incident fits into every other incident.

Hawkins was arrested charged with assault. He was a poor man. He did not own his home. Tell City residents told me he had never been known to have so much as $100 on his person at one time. When he

was arrested he pulled $500 in cash from his pocket and went his own bond.

But Dauffer was lying wounded at his home. Union officials appealed to Dr. Wm. Cluthe to attend him. He refused. His son, Dr. Frank Cluthe, also refused. They had in mind the turning away of the relief boat. They knew better than to interfere with the plans of the National Association of Manufacturers. Dr. Hargis was then appealed to, and he, grabbing his instrument case, led his informants a foot race to Dauffer's home. He arrived too late. Dauffer died the next morning—at two o'clock.

When Dauffer died, Hawkins was rearrested, charged with manslaughter. He pulled $10,000 in cash from his clothes and paid his bail! And he was a poor man. But he had an organization behind him.

This shooting took place at 6:30 p. m. Fenn and Zoercher immediately started to drive to Cannelton, the county seat, twelve miles distant. At 9:30 p. m., Sheriff Phillip Witmer had the governor on the long distance telephone asking for troops to go to Tell City to suppress a riot.

The troops were ordered. And they were all ready. More organization. One company was stationed at Evansville. Evansville is about fourteen times the size of Tell City. Two years before there had been a race riot at Evansville. This same company was on duty at that time. To suppress an alleged race riot in Tell City they were furnished more ammunition than had been given them to put down an actual race riot in the larger city.

The troops arrived on Saturday morning. General Orin Perry was in command He and his troops were met at the station by a brass band—hired by the unionists. When the soldiers left the train the band took its place at the head of the column and led the way to camp.

Perry pitched camp and sent out two lieutenants

to learn the extent of the rioting of the night before. They returned in half an hour and laid the exact situation before him. Then Perry verified their report. That done, he sent for Fenn and Zoercher. Calling them into his tent, he said: "Either you have lied to the sheriff or the sheriff has lied to the governor. We were ordered here to suppress a riot. There has been no trouble other than the shooting of one striker last night by the marshal. And the murderer is walking the streets. You seem to have the situation thoroughly under control. I shall leave to-morrow morning on the 9:30 train."

Fenn and Zoercher replied that Dauffer was to be publicly buried from the square the following day, Sunday. They said it would surely precipitate a riot and prevailed upon him to stay. There was no disorder. Dauffer was given a public burial, and hundreds of people, many of them from adjoining farms, followed his body to the grave. Perry again said he would leave.

Fenn and Zoercher declared that the owners would start their factories the next (Monday) morning. They assured Perry that the working people would attempt to destroy the buildings, and he again agreed to stay. At 7 o'clock there was no effort to open the factories. At 8 o'clock there was no fire under the boilers. At 9:30 o'clock Perry and his troops left Tell City.

Now then: Having failed to starve the working people into submission, having failed to shoot them into submission, having failed to awe them into submission, another plan was tried. The churches were appealed to. I did not make this record. I am not attacking religion. I am not responsible for the fact that the churches were swung into line by the National Association of Manufacturers. I am merely reciting what happened.

The Rev. Hoon, pastor of the Methodist church, preached a sermon on trades unionism. Among other things, he said that hell wasn't hot enough to hold a man or woman who belonged to a labor union. Father Siebert, a Catholic priest, offered his parishioners their choice between excommunication and leaving the union.

The Rev. Theodore Schlunt, pastor of the Lutheran church, was then ordered to preach a sermon on trades unionism. Fenn was a prominent member of this church. He was one of the official brethren. On the appointed morning Fenn and other members of the Manufacturers' Association were in their pews. The Lutheran preacher entered his pulpit, and from that place told his audience practically what I have told you. He reviewed the situation from start to finish. He called attention to the various details of the plot. Then, pointing his finger at Fenn and the others, he called them murderers!

And they forced him to resign.

Yes they did! Put him out, bag and baggage. Eventually these work people were beaten. They went back to the factories at the employers' terms. That's not the important point. The big thing about this is that not a word of it appeared in any capitalist newspaper in the country. They didn't dare to print it, because the National Association of Manufacturers would have knifed the newspaper that exposed that condition. Yet it was one of the biggest stories of recent years.

Sometimes I get letters from young men and young women of the smaller towns who want to go to the cities and work in the big stores. If your newspapers told you the truth about how things are managed in the department stores there'd be fewer boys and girls leaving the farm for the city. I select the following, because it came under my personal observation:

Bela Schwartz was a young Hungarian boy, 19 years old. He was a well-educated young fellow; spoke Hungarian, Russian, French and German. He did not speak English. He had held a responsible position in a bank at Budapest, came here with splendid recommen-

dations, and at the time of which I speak had a position waiting for him in a South Chicago bank so soon as he acquired a reasonable command of English. That he might be in constant association with English-speaking people, young Schwartz went to work in the meat department of the Boston Store in Chicago. This is one of State street's great department stores. He got $6 a week. His work was to wrap meat for delivery.

One day he was told, in German, to grind meat in a sausage machine. This was run by electric power. While carrying out his instructions, Schwartz's hand was unfortunately caught by the revolving knives just underneath the hopper. He screamed with pain. The power was quickly shut off. A crowd gathered. In this crowd there were two machinists. They made a hasty examination of the machine. They said if an attempt was made to reverse the knives they would completely sever the lad's fingers. They said also that because of the peculiar construction of the machine it could not be taken apart. It would have to be broken.

At this moment there appeared on the scene Assistant Superintendent Singer of the Boston Store. He refused to allow the machine to be broken! This, by the way, was a fifty-dollar piece of property. Singer ordered both boy and machine taken to the sick room.

Imagine this if you can. Here was a boy ignorant of the language but the intellectual superior of the man who held his destiny in his hands. The boy had grit. I know that. For after his first scream he clenched his teeth and bore the pain. But he didn't know what was to be done with him. All that he knew was that while he suffered two men pointed to the machine, talked in a foreign tongue, shook their heads one way while a third man talked back and shook his head another. He saw the two men give way to the one. By this time two store mechanics had

appeared. But no physicians were in attendance. The mechanics unscrewed the machine from its foundation. Then, with three men carrying it on one side, he with his hand still caught in the hopper, supporting the machine from the other side, a path was cleared through the crowd and he was led half way across the fifth floor to a waiting elevator. When the elevator door clanged behind him the car shot down three stories and he, with his mangled fingers still held by the knives, was backed half way across the immense floor, into the sick room, where two fingers were amputated in the machine—without administering an anesthetic. Then when they got his hand out they cut off another finger.

Every capitalist newspaper in Chicago knew of that. Not one of them published the story. The Boston Store spends thousands of dollars daily advertising with the Chicago newspapers. Every reporter in Chicago knew the facts; it was the "truth" to none of them because it was a business interest back of their respective papers.

Pick up your newspaper tomorrow morning and you'll read that some working man has deserted his family. I want to tell you how one working man neglected wife and children and left them destitute. Any newspaper man who'll tell you the truth will tell you that the following incident is one which is repeated from day to day in the various great industrial centers. It's the way that more than one working man "disappears:"

Paul Weyand was a machinist, working for the Union Traction company of Chicago. He lived in a little suburb called Maywood, with his wife and two babies. One day, about two years ago, while working at the O'Neil street barns he was killed by a defective elevator which fell upon him. This was a huge lift used for hoisting cars from the first to the second floor. His body was so badly mutilated that the Union Traction company was able to send him to the Cook County hospital as "an unidentified

man, probable age 75 years, a bum who had been 'hanging around the barn.' '' Keep the facts in mind: Weyand was 31 years old; the company gave his ''probable'' age as 75. He had been in this company's employ for four years; they denied that they knew him or anything about him—sent him to the hospital as ''unindentified.''

I got Paul Weyand's body at the edge of the pickling vat. He lived but a few moments after reaching the hospital; had been placed in the morgue for the regulation length of time and was now to be put away in brine and later go on the dissecting table. If we did nothing more we preserved his memory sacred to his wife and babies. Already some people smirked and twittered when they mentioned Mrs. Weyand. Neighboring children grinned when the Weyand tots appeared on the street. Wife and children had been ''deserted'' by husband and father and the family's affairs had become the neighborhood's gossip.

If I live to be a million years old I'll never forget the night I bore the news to that home. The reporter's life is not one of roses; to his lot falls the task of doing many disagreeable and difficult things. It wasn't so much the thought of going there with that sort of a message—that was all in the day's work. It wasn't the message itself, it was what happened while there that burned the incident deep into my memory.

Weyand's children, a boy and a girl, were four and three years old, respectively. They couldn't understand. They only knew that papa did not come and that mamma cried incessantly. With all the devotion of a woman's heart, Mrs. Weyand was clinging to the idea of her husband's love as a father and integrity as a man. As day succeeded day she told the children, between her sobs, that papa would surely come the next day; that he had gone away for a day or two, but would soon return.

It was after dark when I reached the house. As I approached the front porch I saw two baby faces with noses flattened against the window pane, peering out into the darkness—looking for papa. My step on the porch was heavy. When I knocked at the door the four-year-old boy was already pounding his fists against the inside, calling, ''Mamma, Mamma, Daddy's here. Open the door.'' When the door swung inward and he saw I was not his father he choked down a sob and returned to his post at the window.

''You've come to tell me something about Paul,'' said Mrs. Weyand, closing the hall door to shut off the children from our conversation.

''Yes,'' I answered. ''I'm a reporter on one of the papers. I've found Mr. Weyand.''

''Where? In God's name tell me quickly,'' said the woman. ''If he's sick or in trouble I want to go to him.''

''Mr. Weyand is past any help,'' I replied. ''He was fatally injured while at work. He is ————.''

''He's dead!'' she screamed.

And then she wilted. She didn't faint; she didn't fall; she didn't sit down—she wilted. The boy ran into the hall in answer to his mother's scream. I sent him for some of the neighbors. Before they came, and afterward, she repeated over and over, ''Then he didn't desert me and the children. He didn't. He didn't. He didn't! I knew he wouldn't do that. He loved us—every one.''

The neighbors came and I left.

As I turned to close the gate, there at the window, this time on the lap of a neighbor woman, were the two babies, faces pressed against the glass, looking out into the darkness—wondering what it was all about.

I'll never forget that. I don't want to forget it. Every paper in Chicago had the story. No capitalist paper published it. They were trying to rob those two children of the memory of their father as a big-hearted, loving, faithful papa. Every capitalist paper in Chicago tried to suppress that story and keep it from the public. And every capitalist paper in Chicago was thoroughly and gloriously licked!

But now, having gathered my facts, having correlated them, I wrote this story. It was published in the "Chicago Daily Socialist." As soon as the paper was on the streets I called up the Union Traction company and got Superintendent Beach on the 'phone. I talked to him as though I were a reporter on one of the capitalist papers. I said:

"Mr. Beach, the "Chicago Daily Socialist" is on the streets with a story about an alleged killing of one of your men at the O'Neil street barns. They say you sent him to the hospital as an unindentified man. What are the facts?"

"I can't talk over the telephone," said Beach.

"I'll come right out and talk to you at the office," I fired back at him.

He said: "I'm just getting ready to leave."

"I can be out in five minutes," I answered.

"I'll be gone in two minutes," he replied.

I knew Beach well enough not to believe him. At least I was willing to risk car fare against his word. So I jumped on a car and started for the Union Traction company's general offices. On the way out I realized that to get to him I'd have to pass his stenographer and private secretary who occupied an outer office. Admittance to his office was through this room only. So I decided to crush my hat under my coat, carry some letters in my

hand and take chances on getting through by personating a clerk from another part of the building. I did this and it worked like a charm! When I got to Beach he was at his desk in his shirt sleeves, He'd no more intention of leaving than I had. And I was prepared to stick there till sun-up next morning.

When I told him I was on the "Daily Socialist," showed him the paper with the story and called his attention to the fact that I was the fellow he'd just lied to over the telephone he turned red, white and blue. Yes, he did! He was patriotic. But he shut up like a clam. And he wouldn't talk until he'd consulted the corporation counsel, Mr. Lynch. You know the corporation counsel's office is in the same building. Right close. After spending a quarter of an hour with the company's lawyer Beach and Lynch returned to where I was waiting.

And this was the company's excuse; these were the extenuating circumstances in the murder of Paul Weyand; this was the denial to my charge of body-snatching:

Pointing his finger at me, Mr. Lynch said: "Young fellow, the Union Traction company is in the hands of a receiver; that receiver is the United States court; by the publication of this story you have attacked the United States government and I'm going to land you in Leavenworth prison."

I was telling this story one time to another audience, just as I am telling it to you. The next day I got a letter. The writer said: "Creel, I don't want you to quit telling that street car story. But as a lawyer I do feel that I should warn you. They can send you to Leavenworth for that."

He said it was practically the same case as that on which the "New York World" and "Indianapolis News" were haled up. These papers declared that through the con-

nivance of Roosevelt about 17 million dollars in graft had been filched from the Panama Canal appropriations. The accused made no attempt to refute the charges. They didn't have to. Roosevelt said these papers had attacked the government. The truth of their charges was not considered. But by virtue of his office as President he demanded that the editors of these papers appear in Washington and stand trial for attacking the government.

"The World" and the "News," said my correspondent, "are powerful papers with powerful influences back of them. They barely managed to escape. You have no such backing. And they can send you to Leavenworth."

Well, they haven't sent me yet. And if they do I'll get two guards, the warden and my cellmate and we'll start Local Leavenworth prison.

But let me impress upon you once again that every capitalist newspaper in Chicago knew the story of Paul Weyand and not one of them published a word of it. One of the reasons was that the Marshal Field interests own immense blocks of traction stock. The Marshal Field stores advertise in the papers. Hundreds of such stories are suppressed every year in the newspaper offices of the country.

I told you previously that the trickery of the press would continue just so long as a private profit could be made from the dissemination of news of a public character. I say to you today that this suppression of news will continue just so long as private profit can be made from serving one class of people as opposed to another class. Again we're back to the root of the whole matter—profit. But we're used to it, and the newspapers so artfully distort the facts or skillfully suppress them, that we've come to accept the profit system as a matter of course. For instance:

Jim Brown was a man not overly fond of work. So he moved to a small town, married a good stout woman and settled down. Then Jim went among the neighbors soliciting washings for his wife to do. He was successful in this. He got more than enough to keep her busy. He, in turn, kept a set of books on the work, stood over the tub and saw that the job was turned out in apple-pie order and hired a neighbor boy to call for and deliver clothes. They were doing well. This is, SHE was.

But some of the neighbors disliked that sort of thing. So they formed a committee, called on Jim and told him they'd run him out of town unless he went to work. The spokesman said, "The idea of a great hulk of a man living off the earnings of a woman!"

Jim was lazy, but not a fool. He had been doing some thinking and some observing. When the ultimatim was issued he went down town and bought ten washboards and ten washtubs. Then he rented a store room, hired ten women and started a laundry.

Why don't you men and women see? Isn't that clear to you? When he lived off the earnings of one woman he was a scoundrel; when he lived off the earnings of ten women he was a business man? Ah! but you don't see it till your attention is specially called to it. You're so used to the profit system and its exploitation of the working class.

You're like an old woman I knew on the Atlantic coast. She made a living skinning eels. She'd take these fish alive and vigorous from the water, slit them under the gills with a sharp knife, insert the point of the blade and, with one pull, rip the skin from the quivering flesh. A humanitarian stood by her side one day. He said:

"You shouldn't do that. That's cruelty to animals. Wait till they die. It hurts them."

Looking up at him the old woman said:

'It don't hurt 'em. I've been doin' this for thirty years. They're used to it.''

That's your position. For ten, twenty, thirty or fifty years you've been so systematically ''skinned'' that you've grown used to it. When a story exemplifying the profit system is told you you don't recognize it till the speaker takes extra time to make it plain.

''The illustration is not a fair one,'' some of you say. ''In the first instance this man was merely a husband; in the second he was in business.''

Surely. That's what I said.

''Well,'' you say, ''these women don't have to work for him. They can quit.''

Exactly. His wife could have left him, too. But women are economically dependent upon men. If Jim Brown's wife had not worked for him she must have worked for some other man as laundress, or clerk, or stenographer or in some capacity.

''What of it?'' you say. ''Didn't he as laundryman take all the risks? Didn't he own the machinery? Wasn't his money invested there? Didn't he have delivery wagons to buy, etc., etc.?''

Surely. Ten times as much as before. Ten times the risk, ten times the machinery, ten times the investment, ten times the delivery expense, ten times the exploitation. But just as one woman was paying for all this in the first instance, just so are ten women paying for all of it in the second. Be consistent. Let's justify the first instance:

Didn't he own the tub?

Didn't he own the washboard?

Didn't he give his time as manager to the business?

Didn't he go out and get the work for his wife to do? Didn't he keep her busy? How was she to get work if he didn't supply it?

Just you figure that story up, down, across and on the bias. If you get a satisfactory explanation, one that will suit your banker, you're authorized to waken me at the hotel any hour of tonight.

But now suppose that there had been no committee formed to wait on Jim. Suppose the people of that town had seen the continued exploitation of that woman and said nothing. And after a while one man arose and said, ''Boys, that's wrong. It ought to be stopped.'' Imagine the others scowling at him and saying:

'Aw, dry up. You're an agitator. You talk like a man who reads the ''Rip-Saw.'' Leave him alone. He's a good, solid citizen.''

But this one man refused to be stilled. Daily he lifted his voice against that thing. And from the very force of his agitation a bare half dozen came to think as he did. Suppose these seven made so much noise that the town decided to settle the matter at the ballot box. What, I ask you, would you think of the citizenship of that place if a majority of them went into the booths and voted ''YES. Let it continue?''

That's what YOU do every chance you have.

Unlike the eels which were skinned, YOU SKIN YOURSELVES. You not only consent to exploitation for yourself, your son, your wife and your daughter, YOU VOTE IT ON THEM. You could stop the exploitation of the workingclass, of yourself, tomorrow. But your newspapers, by means of trickery and fraud, have made you believe the present system is a beneficial one and even if it were not, that it CANNOT be changed. That's another fraud. The only truth in the newspapers' attack on the

proposed system of government which would do away with the exploitation of the working class is that that proposed system is Socialism. The onslaught is directed at Socialism because that's the only thing feared by the existing system, Capitalism. And the newspapers owned, mind you, by the Capitalist class, present their canards so adroitly and so PERSISTENTLY that YOU prefer the economic straight-jacket of the master class.

The newspapers can't enslave you.

Capitalism is not mightier than you.

No individual politician can hold you in bondage.

No political party can weld economic chains about you.

YOU, the workingclass, and YOU ALONE are your own taskmasters. And it's correspondingly true that YOU CAN FREE YOURSELVES—BY AN INTELLIGENT USE OF YOUR BALLOTS.

The fraudulent, tricky newspaper is one of the greatest clubs in the hands of the masters. They are privately owned and, quite naturally, are conducted in the private interests of their owners. So let me repeat what I said last week:

When you collectively own and control the press of the nation; when that press is operated solely for the dissemination of news of a public character; when the newspapers of the world are printed for the information and use of the many instead of for the profit of the few, then, and then only, may you be off your guard against these and other newspaper frauds.

But this would be Socialism. Think it over.

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A Mighty Contributor.
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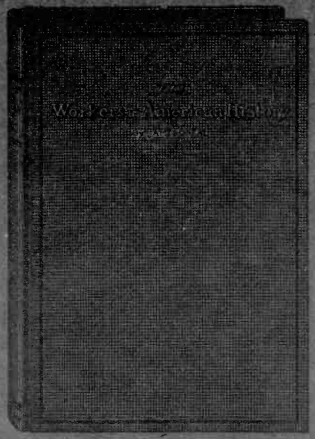

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INTENTIONAL SECOND EXPOSURE

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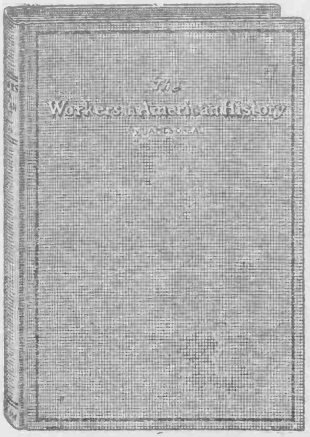

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